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A NOVEL OF OUR OWN DAY.

Written for The Sun by "The Duchess."

CHAPTER X. Nature has sometimes made a foot.

The fiddles are squeaking, the 'celloes are greaning, the man with the cornet is making a most ungoily low. As yet, the band have the ballroom all to themselves, and are certainly making the most of their time. Such unearthly noises rarely, if ever, have been heard in it before. Why they couldn't have tuned their instruments before coming, is a question that fills the butler's mind with wrath, but perhaps the long journey down from Dublin would have untuned them all again, and left the play-

ers of them disconsolate. The dismal sounds penetrate into the rooms right and left of the ballroom, but fail to kill the melancholy sweetness of the dripping fountains or the perfume of the hundred lowers that give their sleeping draughts to all those who choose to come and inhale them. Mild draughts that please the senses without

stealing them. The sounds even penetrate to the library. where Joyce is standing before the low fire. that even in this July evening, burns upon the hearth, fastening her long gloves. She had got down before the others, and now finding the room empty, half wishes herself back again upstairs. But she is so young, so full of fresh delight in all the gayety around her. that she had hurried over her dressing, and, with the first dismal sounds of the tuning, had

turned her steps its way.

The library seems cold to her, bare, unfriendly. Had she expected to meet somebody there before her, somebody who had promised to get into a fresh tie in a hurry, but who had possibly forgotten all about it in the joy of an after-dinner cigar.

It is a whole week since that day when she had been startled by his sudden reappearance at the Court. A long time. Seven entire days. and soon her visit must come to an end; and though she will be here again probably before the Baltimore's go abroad, still-.

A sense of dissatisfaction sits heavily on her, toning down to rather too cruel a degree the bright expectancy of her face. He had said he would come, and now -. She drums in a heavy-hearted, listless fashion on the table with the tips of her pale gloves, and noticing. half consciously, that in so doing the gloves have not been sufficiently drawn up her arm. fits them closer to the taper fingers.

Certainly he had said he would be here. "Early, you know. Before the others can get down." A quick frown grows upon her forehead, and now that the flugers are quiet the little foot begins to beat a tattle upon the ground. Leaning against the table in a graceful attitude, with the lamplight streaming on her pretty white frock, she gives a loose rein to her thoughts.

They are a little angry, a little frightened, perhaps. During the past week had he not said many things that in the end proved void of meaning? He had haunted her in a degree, at certain hours, certain times, had loitered through gardens, lingered in conservatories by her side, whispered many things, looked so very many more. But-.

There were other times, other opportunities for philandering tshe does not give it this unpleasant name); how has he spent them? A vague thought of Miss Maliphant crosses her mind. That he laughs at the plain, goodnatured heiress to her (Joyce), has not prevented him from being very attentive to her at times principally such times as when Jorce may reasonably be supposed to be elsewhere. Human reason, however, often falls short of the mark, and there have been unsuspected moments during the past week when Miss Kavanagh has by chance appeared upon the scene of Mr. Beauclerk's amusements, and has found that Miss Mailphant has had a go deal to do with them. But then "that poor, good girl, you know." Here, Beauclerk's joyous laugh would ring forth for Joyce's benefit. Such a good girl; and so-er-don't you know!" He was certainly always a little vague. He didn't explain himself. Miss Kavanagh, looking back on all he had ever said against the beiress, is obliged to confess to herself that the great "er" had had to express everything. Contempt, dislike, kindly disdain-he was always kindly he made quite a point of that, Truly, thinks Miss Kavanagh to herself, after this retrospective glance "er" is the greatest

word in the English language.

And so it is, it declares. It conceals. It conveys a laugh. It suggests a frown. It helps a sorrowful confession. It adorns a lame one. It is kindly, as giving time. It is cruel, as being full of sarcasm. It In fact, what is it it cannot do?

Jorce's feet have grown quite steady now. She has placed her hands on the table behind her, and, thus compelled to lean a little forward, stands studying the carnet without seeing it. A sense of anger against herself is troubling her. If he should not be in earnest! If he should not—like her as she likes him!

She rouses herself suddenly, as if stung by gone no deeper yet. It shall not. He is handthe world to him, why, he shall not be all the restoration of that old home of his, why, money

let it be. But there shall not be the two things—
the desire of one for fifthy lucre; the desire of the other for love. He shall decide.

She has grown very pale. She has drawn herself up to her full height, and her line are pressed together. And now a strangethought comes to her. If—if she loved him, could she hear thus to analyze him. To take him to pieces, to dissect him as it were? Once again that feeling of fear oppresses her. Is she so coll, so deliberate in herself that she suspects of hers of coldness. After all—if he does love her—if he only hesitates because——. her-if he only hesitates because--.

"APRIL'S LADY," silent, waiting for the plaudits of the crowd. The crowd, however, is unappreciative. Nonsense!' says Miss Kavanagh shortly.

'I wonder you aren't tired of making people tired. Your sternal quotations would destroy the patience of an anchorite. And as for that last sentence of yours, you know very well it isn't in Rider Haggard's book. He'd have

been ashamed of it."
"Would he? Bet you he wouldn't? And if it isn't in his book all I can say is it ought to have been. Mere oversight leaving it out. He will be sorry if I drop him a line about it. Shouldn't wender if it produced a new edition. But for my part I believe it is in the book, Fleshpots, Egypt. you know; hardly possible

separate em now from public mind."
"Well; he could separate them any way. There isn't a single word about them in the ook from start to finish."

"No? D'ye say so?" Here Mr. Browne is lost in thought "Fleshpots-pots-hot pots; hot potting! Hah!" He draws himself together with all the manner of one who has gone down deep into a thing, and come up from it full of knowledge. "I've mixed those babies up," says he, mildly. "But still, I can hardly believe that that last valuable addition to Mr. Haggard's work is all my own."
"Distinctly your own." with a suggestion of

scorn, completely thrown away upon the receiver of It.

"D'ye say so! By Jove! And very neat, too! Didn't think I had it in me. After all, to write book is an easy matter; here am I, who never thought about it, was able to form an entire sentence full of the most exquisite wit and humor without so much as knowing I was doing Tell you what, Joyce, I'll send it to the author, with card and compilments, you know. Horrid thing to be mean about anything, and if I can help him out with a 999th edition or so, I'll be doing him a good turn. Eh?" "I suppose you think you are amusing." says

Miss Kavanagh, regarding him critically. 'My good child, I know that expression,' says Mr. Browne, amiably, "I know it by heart. It means that you think I'm a fool, It's politer nowadays to look things than to say them, but wait awhile and you'll see, Come; bet you anything you like he'll be delighted with my suggestion, and put it into his next edition without delay. No charge! Given away! The lot for a penny-three-farthings. In fact, I make it a present to him. Noble, eh? Give it to him for nothing!"

"About its price," says Miss Kavanagh thoughtfully.

Think you so? You are dull to-night, Jocelyn. Flashes of wit pass you by without warning you. The cockles of your heart refused the grateful fire. Yet I tell you this idea that has flowed from my brain is a priceless one. Never mind the door-he's not coming yet. Attend to me."
"Who's not coming?" demands she, the more

angrily in that she is miserable of the brilliant color that is surely bedecking her cheeks.

"Never mind! It's a mere detail; attend to me I entreat you." says Mr. Browne, who is now quite in his clement, having made sure of the fact that she is expecting somebody. It doesn't matter in the least who, to Mr. Browne; expectation is the thing wherein to catch the abarrassment of Miss Kavanagh, and forthwith he sets himself gayly to the teasing of her.

"Attend to what?" says she with a frown. 'If you had studied your Bible, Jocelyn. with that care that I should have expected from you, you would have remembered that for forty odd years the Israelites hankered after those very fleshpots of Egypt to which I have been alluding. Now, I appeal to you, Joyce, as a sensible girl, would anybody hanker after anything for forty odd years (very odd years as it happens) unless it was to their advantage to get it; unless, indeed, the object pursued was priceless?"

"You ask too much of this sensible girl." says Miss Kavanagh, with a carefully manufactured yawn. " Really, dear Dick, you must forgive me if I say I haven't gone into it as yet, and that I don't suppose I shall ever see the necessity for going into it."

"But, my good child, you must see that those respectable people, the Israelites, wouldn't have pursued a mere shadow for forty years."

chers of coldness. After all—if he does love her—if he only hesitates because—.

A stip outside the door!

Instinctively she glauces at one of the long mirrors that line the walls from floor to ceiling. Involuntity her hands rush to her head. She gives a little touch to her gown. And now is sitting in a lounging chair, a little pair still perhaps, but in all other respects the very picture of unconsciousness. It is—it must be—.

It isn't, however.

Mr. Browno, opening the door in his own definition by recy fashion that generally days old liarry with the hinges and blows the ornamics off the pearest tables, advances toward her with arms outspread, and the livoliest admiration writ upon his features, which, to say that trans a contract the most charming of books?

"Oh! Thou wonder of the world!" cries he, in accepts ecstatic. He has been roading "Cleoparta" that most charming of books? Sasidusary for the past few days, during which thin he has made himself an emphatic Busance to his friends, perpetual autotations, however are, proving as a rule a bore.

"That will do. Dicky! We all know about that," says Miss Kavanagh, who is a little just a bridge of disappointment weighing on us, we let our evil spirit takes a top seat. Mr. Browne, however, is above being snubbed by any one, they only the contract of the suppresses to be a stage attitude. Thou liking of beauty! Thou fleshpot of Ezrypt!"

He has at last surpassed himself! He stands

greifully. "Yet I entreat thee not to leave me without one other word. Follow up the argument—do. Give me an answer to it."
Not one" walking to the door.
"That's because it is unanswerable." says Mr. Browne complacently. "You are beaten, you.—"

There is a sound outside the door. Joyce, with her hand on the handle of it, steps back and looks round nervously at Dicky. A quick color has dyed her checks; instinctively she moves a little to one side and gives a rapid glance into a long mirror.

"I don't think really, he could find a fault," says Mr. Browne, misenlevously. "I should think there will be a good deal of hankering going on to night."

Miss Kavanagh has only just time to wither him, when Beauclerk enters.

"Thinkest thou there are no serpents in the world. But those that slide along the grassy soil. And sting the luckless foot that presses them? There are, who in the path of social tire. I looks their spaired skins in fortune's sun, Ami sting the soil."

The bask their spelled skins in fortune's sun,
Amissing the soul."

"Oh, there you are," cries he, jovially,
"Been looking for you everywhere. The music
has begun—first dance just forming. Gay and
lively quadrille, you know—country ball
wouldn't know itself without a beginning like
that. Come: come on."

Nothing can exceed this benhomle. He
tucks her hand in the most delightfully genial,
appropriative fashlein under his arm, and with
a beaming nod to Mr. Browne the never forcests
to be civil to anybody hurries Joyce out of the
room, leaving the astute Disky gazing after
him with mingled feelings in his eye.

"Desice and all of a smart chap," says Mr.
Browne to himselff slowly. "But he'll fall
through some day for all that I shouldn't
wonder."

Meantime Mr. Beauclerk is still carrying on

Meantime Mr. Peauclerk is still carrying on

wonder."

Meantime Mr. Beauclerk is still carrying on a charming recitative.

"Such a bore!" says he, with heartfelt disgust in his tone. "It is really wonderful how he can always do it. There is hever a moment when he flags. He is forever up to time, as it were, and equal to the occasion. I'm afraid you rather misunderstood me just now, when I said I'd been looking for you-but fact is Browne's such an ass, if he knew we had made an appointment to meet in the library he dhave brayed the whole affair to every one.

"Was there an aspointment?" Says Miss Rayanagh, who is teeling a little unsettled—a little angry with herself, berhaps.

"No-no." with a delightful acceptance of her robuke. "You are right as ever. I was wrong. But then, you see, it gave me a sort of you to believe that our light allusion to a possible hapty half hour before the turmoil of the dance beran might mean something more-something. Alf well never mind! Men are vain creatures; and after all it would have been a happy half hour to me only."

"Would it?" says she with a curious glance.

"Yon know that." says he with the carnest glance he can turn on at a second's notice without the slightest injury to mind or limb.

"I don't indeed."

"Oh, well, you haven't time to think about it, acclosured.

out the slightest injury to mind or limb.

"I don't indeed."

"Oh, well, you haven't time to think about it, perhaps. I found you very fully occupied when at last I was able to get to the library. Browne we all know is a very-er-lively companion—if rather wanting in the higher virtues."

"At last," says she, quoting his words. She turns sudd nly and looks at him, a world of inquiry in her dark eyes. "I hate precence," says she curtly, throwing up her young head with a haughty movement. You said you wou'd be in the library at such an hour, and though I did not promise to meet you there, still, as I happened to be dressed earlier than I believed possible. I came down; and you? Where were you."

due not promise to seed earlier than I believed possible. I came down; and you? Where were you?"

There is a touch of imperiousness in that last question that augurs badly for a faise wooch; but the imperiousness suits her. With her pretty chin uptiled, and that little scential curve upon her lips, and her lovely eyes ablaze, she looks infeed "a thing of beauty." Beaucierk regards her with distinct approbation. After all had she even half the moner that the heres possesses, what a wife she would make. And " isn't decided yet one way or another; sor mes fair is kint. The day may come we, this delectable creature may fail to him. "I can see you are thinking hard things of me." says he reproachfully: "but you little know how I have been passing the time I had so been looking forward to—time to be passed with you. That old Lady Blake—you know he and I were at Petersburg together. I couldn't get awar. You blame me—but what was I to do? An old woman—unhapity."

"Oh, no, You were right, "says Joyce, quick—you won the proposed be safter all, and how unustly she had been thinking of him. So kind, so careful of the feelings of a tiresome oil woman. How few men are like him. How few would so far sacrifice themselves.

"Ah, you see it like that!" says Mr, Peauclerk, not triumphantly, but so modestly that the girls heart goes out even more to him. "Why, you put me in good spirits again," says he, laughing gayly. "We must make haste, I fear, if we would save the first dance." "Oh, yes—come." says Joyce, going unickly forward, Evidently he is going to ask her for the first dance! That shows that he prefers her to—"

"Tm so gind you have been able to sympa-thic with me about my jast disappointment."

"I'm so glad you have been able to sympa-

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY, The Adventures of Two Boys Cast Away

Among the Arabs. I was a stout, active boy of 16 when I shipped on a small brig called the Indian Prince for a voyage from the port of Cogho, in the Gulf of Cambria, to the port of Aden in the gulf of that name. While these waters are a part of the Indian Ocean, they are particularized as the Arabian Sea. The brig was owned in Gogho, and her Captain was well known to my father, who was an English merchant and factor there. My eyes had become weakened from hard study, and it was decided that I should make a sea voyage in hopes to benefit them. I could have gone anywhere in these waters as a passenger, and by the very finest craft, but I preferred to go as a regular hand on the tight little brig and have a full taste of sailors' life. There were two boys of us, Captain, mate, cook, and two men. The other boy was the Captain's nephew and was named Henry Williams. All but the cook were Eng-lish. Williams was a year older than myself. and had made several voyages.

We had a fair run about half way down the Arabian Sea, when the weather suddenly changed and we got a heavy gale from the north. As we had to, lie to this drifted us a long ways to the south, or out upon the Indian Ocean; and it was while we were seeking to recover our lost ground, and in the darkness of night, that a ship trashed into us and nearly lifted the brig out of water. The ship struck us on the port bow, crushed in a dozen planks, then raked us along the whole side and disappeared in the darkness astern almost before any one had raised his voice to give the alarm. It wasn't over twenty minutes from the time we were struck until the brig was at the bottom of the sea, and we were affoat in the yawl. We had a breaker of water and a bag of biscuits, but nothing was saved from the brig. The watch below did not even save a'l the clothing they had thrown off on turning in, and the Captain was without a hat and the mate without a coat as we counted noses and compared notes.

An observation taken by the Captain at noon had given our position about thirty miles to the east of the Island of Socotra. This island is 200 miles off the African coast peninsula which pushes out to make the gulf, and we were intending to run between the coast and this island to make our port. Being without a compass, our course had now to be laid by guesswork. The yawl was provided with mast and sail, and after we had seen the last of the brig we sailed away to the west. It was the beginning of a voyage of suffering and death. When morning came and the sun rose out of the waters it was seen that we had been steering wide of the course for several hours. A change was at once made, but the weather thickened up until one could not have seen a ship a mile away, the wind hauled to the west, and the island which we expected to see by 8 o'clock in the morning never greeted our vis-We passed it to the north, by how many miles no one ever knew, and at the end of two days' sailing the Captain announced that our only hope was in being picked up by some of the craft voyaging up and down the guil.

This guif, between the island of Socotra and the Arabian coast, which is its widest part, is not over 250 miles wide. Craft were numerous even at that day, and the chances seemed ten to one in our favor. On the morning of the fourth day, whom we must have been fairly in the guil, we sighted two sailing vessols, but they were attarou. On this morning the tantain was found dead, though up to 10 octock at night he had seemed to be all right and in good saids. He had laid himself down in the bottom of the boat to sleep, and he must have died without a word or a stringle. We were on short rations of blecuit and water, but there was no -altering, and on this morning, too, naif an hour after we had placed the Cautain's body in the lows and evered it with a sail, the cook began to rave and curse and demand that he te allowed to eat and drick his fill. We realized that bis mind had given way under This gulf, between the island of Socotra and "That my specially for serious into II."

"That my specially speci

ray a hardsome sum to ransom us, and he word down the address and said he wond to down the address and said he wond to coast. As soon as the florityne closed we which had just been cut. The grain was lide on a bare, hard soo, and we had to kneed a word of the coast as soon as the florityne closed we which had just been cut. The grain was lide on a bare, hard see worked it was not a flority of the analysis of the property of the coast. As soon as the location had been considered to the had to kneed the coast. As soon as the health of the hea

There were a number of us in one of the London taverns made famous by Dickens. when a great, big fellow slouched in and made himself very disagreeable with his mouth. One of our party was a man from Boston, and some way or other he and the big man came to exchange words. The first we heard of the row

the big man was saying: "You Yankees is great on the brag, and that's

all you can do " "Well, I dunno," replied Boston. "But I do. When did you ever do a bloomink, blasted thing?"
"How about 1776?"

"Never heard of it!" "How about 1812?".

"Never hear I of it!" "Did you ever hear of Bunker Hill?"

"I have sir. That's where con red coats eked the life out of 4,000 bragging Yankees."

erty. I want to understand this matter more the roughly. "Oh certainly," and the man replaced his weights and bowed himself out to return at another hour ant," arrange matters in a satisfactory manner."

I not him lifty times in three years, and up to that date no one had questioned his tientity as a Government agent, while he had "lived matters with hundreds of men whose entires had been build sheet. It was in he with lowar that I saw him last. He entered a grocery there, tested a scale without having said a word, and then explained his mission to the proprieter.

Said a word, and then explained his mission to
the proprietor.

"Is my scale short?" inquired the gracer.

"Two ounces to the round, sir."

"And for seven verifs. I have been giving customers only ourteen onnees to the bound?"

"I week;

"Vel. durn my hide. I've dropped \$100 a
year right along even while doing that, and
this said-sies me had I had better go back to
my old trade which was price fighting. Now is
a rood time to tegin."

And he nauled off and knocked the agent
clean over a boom rack and under the stove,
and then lifted him up and booted him into
the street.

ST. VALENTINE OUT OF BUSINESS.

A DISCONTENTED ARMY.

THE THREATENED STRIKE OF THE COAL MINERS OF GERMANY.

The Shock that the Empire Would Get if These 247,000 Men Should Cease Work - The Growing Spectre of Democracy.

The coal miners of Germany, who for almost a year have threatened to upset entirely he internal mace of the empare, form a great army of 147,000 men. They mine about home, were tens of coal annually. Last year the product of their united labor soid for (1) (1) (1) (1) They work mostly in four grand livisions, which correspond to the four most productive coal districts in Germany. These districts are respectively the basin of the Buhr. the basis of the Saar, the Silesian district, and the Saxon district.

The richest deposits of coal in Germany are in the basin of the Ruhr. The coal voin extends from Ruhrort and Duisburg on the Rhine about thirty miles eastward. Although but lliteen or sixteen miles broad, it is immensely productive, and its mines give work to at least 20,000 men. The neighboring country is the typical "black land." Roads, houses, fields, and inhabitants are covered with a veil of taky dust. Almost countless furnaces, foundries, and metal mills monopolize all the advantageous sites. The metal comes for the most part om Siegland, but a short distance off. The coals of the Rubr territory and the iron of Sieg-and come together in Essen Bochum, and Dortmund, and form in and around them the basis of the heavy metal industries of this region. On the combination of coal and iron in the Ruhr district depends the daily bread of

150,000 workers of metal. In the bulk of the product of its mines the basin of the Saar is, after the Ruhr district, the most important coal territory of Germany. This region has become famous in history beeause Napoleon III. long looked upon it with covetous eyes and plotted to get it and its black treasures for France by diplomatic or military hook or crook. The Franco-Prussian war, however, made not only the basin of the Saar, but also the neighboring coal deposits of

war, however, made not only the basin of the Saar, but also the neighboring coal deposits of Franco, fast to Germany's girdle. Almost all the mines of the whole region are nationalized. The last statistics of the German mining industry there show that hardly 2 per cent, of them, are private property. The Andrew Carnegue of the district is. King Stumm, who occupies about the same position in Neunkirchen that brupp has in Lesen. The miners of the hash of the Saar number 30,000 and the iron workers as many more.

The third great coal belt of Germany is in Shosia, near the Austrian and Russian borders. The heart of the lower Silesian mining country is the city of Wadenburg: of the upper Silesian mining country, the city of Wadenburg: of the upper Silesian mining country, the city of Beuthen. There is two thousand persons labor in the Salesian mines, and about 35,000 in the metal mills in the same region.

Saxony, too has productive coal mines, in which some 29,000 of her citizens find employment. The other 75,000 German miners are in scattered mines throughout the country, and do not play a very prominent part in the labor agnitation of the present and the past year, because they as one sufficiently concentrated to act in great bodies.

German coal is exported in large quantities to Holland, Switzerland, Seandinavia, and was exported formerly to Russia and Roumania. The export trade is however, of minor importance when compared with the domestic consumation. Threats of a general atrix make the whole industrial world between the lines and the iron industrial world between the lines and the iron industrial world between the kines and on the steamships which sail from German ports. The cio-e interdependence of these may lindustries especially of the coal mining and the working of metals, was illustrated last May when the miners' strikes were immediately lollowed by the involuntary idleness of longeth hands engaged in the manufacture of the natural strikes and interesting the seam interesting of the vast army engaged i

en and steel.

Military Germany is hardly less sensitive to

**All the integration of the analysis of the control of the contro